

May, 1933

The Liguorian



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The Sunday Newspaper

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NEXT MONTH

A most interesting, instructive and timely article will be presented next month under the title: "What Is This Catholic Action." The name "Catholic Action" has been interpreted to mean many different things. R. J. Miller, C.Ss.R., has examined the papal documents that speak of it; he has made a study of the thing, Catholic Action, where it exists under the eye of the Pope, and he presents his findings for the consideration of clergy and laity alike. His definite explanation may be a surprise to some.



The centenary of the famous Oxford Movement is to be observed this summer. It was that movement within the Anglican Church that finally brought Cardinal Newman and many other English leaders into the Catholic fold. A. T. Zeller offers an historical study of the Oxford movement in the June Liguorian; he tells of its causes, its progress, its achievements and its disappointments.



June is the month of the Sacred Heart. An editorial will tell of the progress of this favorite Catholic devotion in recent years—and of the place it now holds in many Catholic lives.



June is also the month of brides. Prospective brides—and recent brides will find in a story and in an editorial something to interest them.



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No. 5

A Troubadour

Thy saints, O Lord, in radiance shine
Beneath Thy throne today,
Where they enjoy a blessed peace
That shall not pass away.

As when a mighty eagle spreads
His pinions for the flight;
So fare they forth in eagerness
To reach the realms of light.

Beneath the shadow of the Cross
In holy strife they vie;
One cause, one life, one hope have they,—
To conquer or to die.

But I, in all my weakness, Lord!
How can I hope to see
The same reward as these great souls
Who dwell so close to Thee?

I cannot do their wondrous deeds,
Nor walk where they have trod;
Still, by Thy grace, I fain would be
Thy troubadour—O God!

—Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE CATHOLIC'S HANDICAP

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Casey was up in his study wrestling with next Sunday's sermon when he heard the door bell ring and good old faithful Mary Ellen pattering out to answer it.

"One of her pets," thought the priest (who should have been thinking of that sermon), "that tone of voice is reserved for the chosen few."

We should not be far wrong in saying "One of his pets, too," judging from the way his face brightened up when he heard a strong mellow voice: "O Father Tim, this is Val, Valentine. May I come up?"

Five seconds later a handsome young man reached the top of the stair and shambled into Father Casey's study with easy grace and a mingled air of familiarity and respect. He slouched into a chair, shook out a cigarette, went through the idle formality of waving it at the priest and muttering "may I?" then settled back luxuriously to enjoy his smoke.

"To what happy chance must I attribute this pleasure," the priest began with mock solemnity, "that Valentine O'Neil should grace with his presence my humble abode at three o'clock in the afternoon, the very time he should be buried deepest in bills and correspondence down at the office?"

"Wasn't much doing—business slack—so I asked for the afternoon off."

A fleeting cloud passed over the pastor's face. "Is that the way you people are working to revive business? Leaving your office in the middle of the day?"

"If anything turns up, Abie will take care of it. His desk is next to mine."

"Abie? Who is Abie?" Father Casey wanted to know.

"Abel Plaut. You remember him, Father; that little black-eyed runt I sometimes bring along when I come here."

"Surely, I remember him well. A very earnest young man he seems," replied the priest.

"I'll say he is earnest. Too doggone earnest for me. What's the use of living if you never get anything out of life?"

"And he is willing to take care of your work while you are off?"

"Don't worry, Father; it won't kill him. There is not so much of it. He can attend to it just as well as not. Abie always sticks around until the last dog is hung anyway. But I'll hand it to Abel Plaut for an obliging old scout. Even if he is a Kike, he has always been white to me. He and I started in that office the same year." Suddenly O'Neil sat bolt upright and demanded vehemently: "And, Father Tim, what do you suppose they are going to do now?"

"What?" queried the priest.

"Make him assistant manager in our branch office, Number Twelve. That will double his present salary. Of course there is nobody happier than I am over Abie's success; he deserves every bit of it. But the deuce of it is they are leaving me in the same old hole with a cut besides—account of hard times."

The priest turned to him earnestly. "Valentine, if you would manifest more interest in your work, the same opportunity would be offered to you."

"Interest! How can I take interest when I know the blamed cards are stacked against me from the beginning of the game! Do you know why Abel Plaut got that promotion instead of me?"

Father Casey thought he knew, but he did not say. He asked: "Why?"

"Because Abie is a Mason, and I am not. That is where the Jews have the drop on us: they can be Masons while we can't."

"Do you think a talented and efficient young man, who takes an interest in his work, is always on the job, plans and labors for success as earnestly as if the whole concern belonged to him—do you think such a young man has no chance for substantial promotion so long as he is not a Mason?"

"No more chance, Father Tim, than—than—than a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat in hell."

"Why, Val, the president himself of your company is a Catholic—a genuine practical Catholic."

"He has nothing to do with the hiring or firing, promotion or demotion of us fellows. He knows no more about us than if we were niggers working night-shift in a coal mine on the other side of the moon. We can't count on him to push us ahead."

"No, but see the high position he reached. If I remember rightly,

he had no influential friends to help him either—came in from the farm—started as an office boy. He succeeded without being a Mason.”

“There is an exception to every rule once in a thousand years. Believe me, if he were starting over again now, he would never make the grade. The Masons are stronger than ever, and they stick together like glue.”

“Val, you just look around,” the priest persisted, “and see if you do not discover a fair percentage of non-Masons holding other important positions in your own company.”

“Father Tim, I don’t have to look around. The Masonic policy is flaunted right under my nose. Take my own case. Abel Plaut and I got an even start—same age—same department—began working for the concern at the same time. He became a Mason; I couldn’t. Today he is appointed assistant manager of a branch office, with all signals set for a clear road right to the top. And I am left to be a soup for the rest of my life.”

“Wait a minute, Val. Is it possible that there are other differences between you two besides the fact that he is a Mason and you are not?”

“If there are, they are in my favor. I’ll not brag—at least, not to you, Father Tim, because you know me inside out. But even you will admit that God gave me good natural gifts.”

“Yes, you great big lazy scoundrel, God gave you far more gifts than you make use of. You have brains and sound horse sense. You have a good appearance and a pleasing personality. You have a happy knack of making people enjoy your company—that is why I let you hang around here and waste my time while I ought to be at work. You have no end of friends—more, perhaps, than are good for you —”

“Didn’t I tell you! Now, Abie is shy on all those counts. Yet they pick him, and give me the go-by. The Masonic pull, as clear as mud.”

“What about education?”

“We are equal there too. Both college graduates. Oh yes, by the way, Abie has been doing a little on the side since—went to night school for several years until he got a degree or something in Commerce and Finance and that sort of thing, you know. And say, what gets me sore, it was a Catholic night school he went to. Here we Catholics support the schools, and the darned Jews come in and grab the benefits.”

“The same benefits could have been yours for the asking. You forget how many times we tried in vain to induce you to take that night course.”

"Aw gee, Father Tim, a guy's got to have some relaxation. It is hard enough to have to work all day without going to school every night besides."

"Hard or not, you must admit that the course in Commerce and Finance gave Abie a lead over you. Naturally, when a responsible position is open, the firm would rather put into it a man who has not only a college training and practical experience but a technical business education to boot—especially in these days when Commerce and Finance are so complicated and difficult."

"I often thought of taking the course too, but what's the use? The firm would never give me a chance anyway—not unless I were a Mason. Why Father, they gave that Kike a number of special assignments long before he finished with night school. Thus he had a chance to demonstrate his ability and get on the list of the Chosen People bound for the Promised Land. Do you think they ever gave me such an opportunity? Not on your life."

"Never? I thought you had once told me that —"

"Oh yes, one measly time they did offer me an assignment. That was a humdinger though, and I know I could have made a killing. But it was the very day of the final world series game. My guess is that the regular man was going to take it in; that is the only reason they offered the job to me. But I have as much right to see a world series game as the highest official in the company."

"You refused?"

"I thanked the Boss, of course—said, if he really needed me—but, if it was all the same, I should rather—. At that Abie speaks up and says he'd be glad to take it. He made a big hit with that assignment too, the shrimp. That was the one solitary time they gave me a look-in."

"But it was not the last chance they gave to Abie?"

"The last? Why they gave him more than ever after that—didn't ever seem to think that, in justice, it ought to be my turn next. But of course that was natural: Abie is a Mason in good standing, and I am a Catholic. There is no use talking, Father Tim, if you are not a Mason these days, you may just as well go a way back and sit down. The 'Welcome' on the mat ain't meant for you. It is mighty discouraging, that's what it is. Enough to make a guy give up his faith."

"If that is all your faith amounts to, give it up. Such so-called

faith is useless anyway. You say it keeps you out of a good place in this life; I say it will never bring you to a good place in the life to come."

"Aw come on, Father Tim, you know doggone well I am only kidding. My ancestors gave their lives to preserve the faith; I am not going to throw it away for the sake of a few lousy dollars. But take it from me, Father Tim," he lolled back in the armchair, stretched his fine strong limbs, lighted another cigarette, and continued: "Take it from me, we Catholics have a serious handicap to overcome in the mad race for economic leadership."

"Say, Val, you are some mad racer, with your big lazy hulk draped over an armchair right in the middle of a business day, while your Hebrew companion is sticking to the office doing your work as well as his own. You have as much chance of winning the race as old Dobbin who is standing in the stall gorging himself with bran and oats at the very time the Derby is being run off. And you go whining around that you have no chance because the Church won't let you join the Masons. You make me tired."

Valentine grinned. He could take an unlimited amount of this kind of punishment from his old pastor. In fact, he rather enjoyed it. "At the same time, Father, you cannot deny the fact that a Mason will help a brother Mason."

"I do not even want to deny it. A Mason will help a brother Mason, of course he will. But that does not mean a Mason will give away his house and lot to any stranger simply because the stranger happens to wear a mess of carpenter tools on his coat lapel."

"But promoting him to a good job in the concern does not mean giving away house and lot."

"It means more," retorted the priest. "It means—if the man is not capable—wrecking the business. And even Masons are in business to make money, not to provide a desk and a salary for drones and half-wits who happen to belong to the Masonic fraternity. In order to compete with their business rivals they must install, in the important positions, men with brains, industry, experience, reliability, men about whom they need not worry, men who can be depended upon to stick to their post, do their work, use their head, promote the interests of the firm—and still not exceed their powers. Such men are scarce in any concern. When the owners of the concern find such a man among the

employees, they are only too glad to give him a share in the responsibility irrespective of what society he belongs to. Your concern has such a man in Abel Plaut, not in Valentine O'Neil. There is the reason why the Mason is promoted and the Catholic is not."

A MODEL CATHOLIC WIFE

Former Governor Al Smith published an autobiography in the Saturday Evening Post over a year ago. Not the least inspiring and memorable passage in the series of articles was the beautiful tribute he paid to his wife:

"No one could have been more unselfish or more devoted than my wife in all the years of our married life. In the early years she took care of the children herself and did all her own washing and ironing, and all her own cooking. She never uttered a word of complaint of her long hours and hard work, and her greeting to me on my return from Albany on week ends clearly indicated that, notwithstanding the company of the children, she had missed me, even if I had been away for only a few days. When I was nominated for sheriff she expressed satisfaction by the simple words: 'Now you'll be home to dinner every night.'

"Her devotion to me and our children was a great incentive to me for hard work, and I felt that I had been more than rewarded for it when I was able to take her to Albany as the first lady of the State and hostess of the Executive Mansion. She has always been the head of the household and was christened by one of the children chairman of the house committee. During her recent illness at St. Vincent's Hospital, the surgeon who attended her, when he called me on the phone at frequent intervals during the day, invariably said: 'The chairman is doing well.'

"She made it a point to attend every public meeting at which I spoke in New York City or Albany, and went with me to many public meetings in other parts of the State. When I arose to speak, after I had her located, I felt I was all right."

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Do not pray for easy lives; pray to be stronger men and women. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks.—*The Rock*.

St. Vincent Comes to St. Louis

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

The 100th anniversary of the founding of the St. Vincent de Paul Society occurs during May. This timely article tells the story of the Society's introduction into America in the year 1845.

"Show us what you can do! We want more than talk."

This was the challenge hurled at all Catholics by the enemies of the Church in France about a hundred years ago. One answer to the chal-

lenge was the founding of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

It was in the month of May, 1833, that Frederick Ozanam, a young law student at the University of Paris, and six companions met and formed the first Conference of the Society. "It is time," said Ozanam, "to join action to words, and to affirm by works the vitality of our Faith." They chose St. Vincent de Paul for their model and patron and took upon themselves the visitation of the poor in their homes. This was the seed from which grew the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

A hundred years have passed since that time; and, since the wish of Frederick Ozanam "to enfold the whole world with a network of charity" has long been fulfilled by the spread of the Society to all lands and nations, the solemn observance of the first centenary of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will, during this month of May, be a world-wide celebration.

"Show us what you can do! We want more than talk."

Here is St. Louis' answer to the challenge that was made long ago; "6,916 pairs of shoes, 14,732 articles of clothing, 8,016 sacks of flour, and 4,701 bags of cereal distributed; 346 adjustments of debts made; medical care given to 1,179, and situations found for almost a thousand unemployed."

Statistics are usually dry; so I had better stop, even though I am tempted to go on. For, if we know that these are just a few random selections from the long list of services rendered to the poor and needy by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, Missouri, from September 30, 1931, to September 30, 1932, and if we read the list of items with an understanding heart, it seems a litany of corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and we can almost hear Christ's poor murmuring their responses of gratitude.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul spread gradually over France. In 1836 a Conference was established in Rome; early in 1844 it found its way to Ireland and England; and, in 1845, only twelve years after the foundation of the Society in Paris, the first Conference in the United States of America was formed in the Cathedral Parish in the city of St. Louis, Missouri.

The American edition of the official manual of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul states that the foundation of this Conference in St. Louis was brought about by Bishop Timon of Buffalo, New York, who on a visit to Europe, had heard of the Society and who, on his return, wrote to some friends in St. Louis about it. "Some years ago," writes Bishop Timon himself in a letter of October 8, 1848, "I gave the Rules to some friends in St. Louis, where they at once formed a society." The Reverend Paul C. Schulte, present pastor of the Old Cathedral Parish, writes in an article in the St. Louis Catholic Historical Review of 1921: "Just twelve years after the inauguration of this noble work, Mr. Bryan Mullanphy returned from his studies in Paris, full of enthusiasm for the achievements of the Society in France, called together a few of the prominent Catholic laymen of St. Louis and . . . established the first Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in America." In the "History of the Archdiocese of St. Louis," the Reverend John Rothensteiner records: "The St. Vincent de Paul Society . . . was introduced into St. Louis Catholic life in 1845 by Dr. Timothy Papin, aided by Bryan Mullanphy."

The first meeting was held in the little school-house near the Old Cathedral at Second and Walnut Streets. I have before me a photostatic copy of the minutes of that first meeting. They are written on what seems to be the leaf of a ledger, and signed by James McGuire, Jr., the first secretary. His handwriting is of the type that is rarely seen in our days,—the handwriting that we remember from the letters of our grandfathers. At the top of the page, in large, shaded letters, we read, "Catholic School Room;" and over the debit and credit columns of the page, "Thursday Eve., Nov. 20/45."

It becomes clear at once from these minutes that Bryan Mullanphy was the central figure of the proceedings, for the "meeting convened by requesting Bryan Mullanphy to take the chair who complied and stated the object of the meeting."

The minutes continue: "The meeting then proceeded to a formal election of officers to serve for a term of one year according to the rules reported for the government of the Society which resulted as follows: Dr. M. S. Linton, President; Bryan Mullanphy, Vice President; Dennis Galvin, Vice President; James McGuire, Jr., Secretary; and Patrick Ryder, Treasurer, which appointments were unanimously confirmed by the meeting."

Next, "a collection was taken up and seventeen dollars and seventy cents reported to have been collected." It was further "resolved that two visitors be appointed from each parish of the city." These appointments were quickly made, for there were only four parishes in the city at that time; St. Vincent of Paul, the Cathedral Parish, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Patrick. These visitors were to report any poor and destitute families in their respective parishes. When this method proved too slow, a certain amount of the funds was given to one of the visitors in each parish, and he used this money in immediately relieving the needy of his district, making no exceptions for color or creed.

The last section of the minutes states that a committee was appointed to wait upon the Bishop and request his approval of the object of the Society. This approval was granted at once by the Bishop of St. Louis, Peter Richard Kenrick.

Finally, on the second day of February, 1846, the St. Louis Conference was admitted into and affiliated with the General Council in Paris.

A PICTURE OF THE TIMES

When the hundred and more new members who signed their names on the first page of the records of the society that night left the little school-house, they did not drive their own cars, or ride the trolley. Most probably they walked home; for the only transportation in the city, as one of the few newspapers of the time reports was "an omnibus that has been started. . . . The fare, we understand, is one bit." Some daily paper may have carried an account of the meeting; but surely it was not featured in the Sunday Magazine section, for it was not until 1848 that the conservative elements of the city were startled by the publishing of a Sunday newspaper.

St. Louis, during the decade of 1840-50, had an air of old-fashioned comfortableness about it. In 1840 the population was 16,000. Those were the years when the city fathers carried on an aggressive policy of

street paving; and (to put a very definite touch to it) that was the time when the brick-yards were doing a thriving business, and everybody in St. Louis wanted to live in a brick house, so that, finally, the local historians began a controversy about the honor of building the first structure of this kind.

The leading men of the city were of the strong, self-reliant type of the pioneer days, and, certainly, their pictures in the local history books do not betray any trace of softness.

THE LEADERS

In the list of names of the first members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of St. Louis are mentioned many men who were outstanding in the history of the city.

Special mention must be made, first of all, of Father Ambrose Heim, the first Spiritual Director of the Society. To him the Society owes much of its success and progress. He was beloved by all the people; many entrusted their savings to him for safe-keeping, rather than put them in a bank. Every meeting of the Conference found him present; he always had the longest report to make of good work done and always expended more money than any other member of the Society for the relief of the poor. Above his grave in Calvary Cemetery the members of the Society erected a simple slab with the words: "Father Ambrose J. Heim,—The Priest of the Poor."

Bryan Mullanphy, who was really responsible for the organization and continuation of the Society, both by his influence and unlimited generosity, was, like Frederick Ozanam, a lawyer and philanthropist. He was the only son in a family of fifteen children and was educated in the best schools of France and England. From 1840 to 1844 he was judge of the St. Louis Circuit Court, and in 1847 he was elected mayor of St. Louis. Many anecdotes are told of how he managed to reconcile his love of the poor with his determination not to treat them as paupers. He would pay poor families to live in some of the many small homes he owned, for the purpose, as he said, of keeping them clean and in repair. It is noteworthy, that today the old Mullanphy Hospital has been converted by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul into a home for destitute men, under the name "The Ozanam Shelter." Bryan Mullanphy, like many another of his day, is remembered as a man of many eccentricities; but in the language of the formal resolutions adopted by the bar of St. Louis on the occasion of his death, "all his oddities are but as

dust in the balance when weighed against the uprightness of his life and the succession of his charities."

THE RESULTS

In the beginning the growth of the Society in St. Louis was slow but steady. At the second meeting of the Conference of the Old Cathedral the collection increased from \$17.70 to \$20.40½. That was the day of the half-penny and its presence in the hat-collection shows that somebody must have emptied his pockets pretty thoroughly.

During the summer of 1849, the young Society met a severe test very courageously and successfully. The Asiatic Cholera visited the city, and the members of the Society, led by the then president, Bryan Mullanphy, were found daily amidst the dead and the dying, urged on by the consciousness of their obligation as members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

In 1858 six new Conferences were added. Year after year the Society grew and grew until today in St. Louis alone there are 102 Conferences with a total membership of 5,213. During the fiscal year ending on September 30, 1932, it expended \$442,377 in aid to the destitute.

When the new Conferences were established, the Cathedral Conference lost many of its members by transfer, and in 1878 it discontinued its meetings for a while. It was revived later; but as the residential section of the city kept moving westward, the history of the Conference became a record of alternate activity and listlessness. Twice the Conference had only one member remaining. But today the Conference is flourishing again and has sixteen active members.

"We have surely a Conference in Paradise," wrote Frederick Ozanam during his life; "for since we began our work, more than one thousand of our members have gone the way of the better life." And we can add: "How many thousand more during a hundred years!" This month there will be a jubilee also in heaven.



"In the whole universe there is nothing greater than Jesus Christ; and in Jesus Christ there is nothing greater than His sacrifice; and in His Sacrifice there is nothing greater than the moment of his death, when the Saviour, crying with a loud voice, said: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"—*Bossuet*.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS

D. F. MILLER, C. Ss.R.

The mother of the subject of this story is still living. It is from her that I have received much of the information that makes it possible to tell the tale. Long ago she gave me a packet of letters written by her daughter to herself and others over a period of years. Often she has talked to me about the girl; it is strange—the way she insists on going back—back—recalling incidents and conversations though they are iron to her soul. For always of recent months when we have talked of Jean, the mother ends with the bitterest words I have ever heard from human lips; a hundred times she has repeated them: "If anything happens to me, do not let them call Jean. I do not want her near me—ever—living or dead."

Some day I hope to change that refrain; but so far my efforts have been unsuccessful. Meanwhile I write the story of Jean, knowing that her mother would not mind—would even wish it—though it will probably never fall into her hands. Her words about Jean give a kind of preview of the nature of the story, and are a notice to those who find heavily moral tales distasteful to put this one aside without further ado.

* * *

The Crowells were a Catholic family from away back. The faith came easily to them, and rested rather easily upon them. Grandfather Crowell and grandmother Moynihan brought it over with them from Ireland and settled it firmly upon their children. Their children in turn received it as an inheritance. There did not seem to be any need for special guarantees or insurance. They were Crowells; their mother was a Moynihan; why worry about their faith? The question was never asked until the events of this story began to take place.

Character transformation may be marked or delineated by character incidents viewed in retrospect. At the time of their happening they seem isolated and chance events; later one sees them linked as in a chain. Out of the wealth of material I have at hand regarding the youth and maturity of Jean Crowell, I shall take only a few incidents that seem sufficiently significant, when linked together, to tell her story.

In a family of eight children Jean was the fourth. There was nothing remarkable about her childhood, nothing that marked her as different

from the other children. It was expected that she would fall in line with the three older children and help to lead the way for the younger as they came. Noone noticed a growing spirit of individualism in the girl; her parents were blind to tendencies that, as it seems to me now, should have been evident to watchful eyes. The individualism first appeared openly during her freshman year at high school.

The yearly retreat for the Rosary High School students was held during Holy Week. Jean attended Rosary as a day scholar, but during the retreat all the students were expected to remain at the school, where dormitories and extra rooms were arranged for them. At the proper time Jean left home for the retreat, but she did not appear at the school. The Sister in charge of the girls called up her mother, and upon learning that Jean had left as if for the retreat, informed her that the girl was not there.

Promptly after the retreat, Jean returned home. Mrs. Crowell met her at the door and demanded an explanation. The girl was flustered at first, having thought, I suppose, with the utter simplicity of youth, that her delinquency might pass unnoticed. When she realized it had not she assumed an offended air.

"Oh," she said, interrupting her mother's outburst, "I changed my mind about the retreat. I went and stayed with Dorothy instead."

"What! Don't you know that you may be expelled from school for that?"

"Oh, don't be silly, Mother. They won't expel me. You see, I didn't need the retreat. I know enough about my faith. Besides," she added cleverly, "I thought there was a chance of telling Dorothy something about Catholics. Maybe she'll become one."

Jean was not expelled, but it was only the Crowell name that saved her. And after that one outbreak, she seemed to settle back into the groove and to pass through her remaining high school years without further open rebellion. There are only a few letters that were written during this period, but they are for the most part girlish effusions which reveal little that could not be found in most other girls.

The most significant event of her youth, however, was her entrance into college after she graduated from high school. It is to be regretted that there is no record of the private conversations held with other girls, and the personal thoughts that must long have possessed her—leading up to her choice of a finishing school.

The three older Crowell children had gone to Catholic Colleges as a matter of course. It was so taken for granted that Jean would do likewise that arrangements were almost made without consulting her. Then came the scene.

One day in the spring of her graduating year, Jean informed her parents:

"It is time for me to write and make my reservations at College. I'm going to Bascom College next year."

Mrs. Crowell has often tried to tell me what followed. Her tone is the nearest thing to apologetic it ever becomes. The dialogue between parents and daughter was stormy. Jean finally flounced out of the room with the challenging shot:

"Well, if you think I'm not strong enough to keep my faith any place after the training of grade school and high school, then there's no use sending me to a Catholic College. I won't keep it there either." The words were again cleverly put. They stunned her parents; "bluffed" them completely. They gave in. To have done otherwise would have been to admit that there had been something lacking in their training of Jean. And even yet Mrs. Crowell can see nothing of that. "What else could we do?" she always says with finality.

As I page over the letters written by Jean during the next four years, it is interesting to watch the development, not to say the deterioration of her character. It seems clear now that she made a decision during her second year at Bascom; she definitely chose the course that led her on through the startling series of events that followed. An intensely interesting period, these years at college; they may easily be elaborated into a novel at some future time.

Up to the time of her final graduation, Mr. and Mrs. Crowell were still more or less complacent about Jean. "A little wild and self-willed. But a good girl. Had she not gone to St. James' School? Had she not Catholic ancestors from away back? Catholic brothers and sisters, etc." Along these lines Mrs. Crowell still loves to speak and I seldom have the heart to interrupt her.

But Jean came back from Bascom a young lady, and now she was really changed. Changed greatly. Looking back, of course, one knows that the change set in long before, but only now did it burst with astonishing suddenness upon her parents.

On the first Sunday after her final return she did not go to Mass.

Her mother called her as in the old days—twice—three times—but she did not heed. It was like her declaration of war. Or rather, like her proclamation of emancipation. The sad part of it is that her parents will never know how woefully weak they appeared in the arguments that followed.

The argument of tears was Mrs. Crowell's first. The tears were entirely sincere, I am sure. "I never thought," she said that Sunday afternoon to Jean, "that I would have a daughter who would go back on her faith. If I had thought it, it would have killed me long ago. Look at Stella. Look at Margaret. Look at James and Patricia. But you, Jean, you have to be the black sheep."

"Oh, Mother," said Jean stolidly, "cut the tears. I haven't done anything terribly wrong. This is a free country. I don't interfere with you; you can go to church and all that; but why get all bothered if I don't see the need of it any more?"

Her father interposed. I think he knew better than his wife how they had failed towards Jean. He said: "Haven't you been shown the need? Haven't you been instructed in a Catholic school? Haven't you learned your catechism?"

Jean smiled—such a smile it must have been as I have since seen on her face. "Yes," she said. "But I've studied a lot of other things, too. It is narrow to look only at one side of things. When you study history and philosophy, many disputed points become clear. But oh, let's not argue. There's no use. You see one way; I see another. And I am grateful to you for the opportunity of becoming broadened in my views."

Again Jean had had the last word and again it silenced her parents. They could not answer without arguing against themselves, though I suspect that neither of them really recognized their plight.

But the final blow was yet to fall. Jean was only home a week when a man came into town from the State of New York. Jean had been in a nervous state of expectancy for days before. Her mother tells how she would jump to the telephone whenever it rang, and watch the coming of the mail. Finally he himself came.

He appeared a perfect gentleman. Dark and tall—with an easy familiar manner that captivated all the Crowells. He came to the house shortly after his arrival in town and he and Jean met with all the familiarity of friends and lovers. Then he proceeded to act like a long-standing member of the family.

He was accepted as such. Mrs. Crowell admits that she was bewildered by his presence; extremely rich, well-bred; handsome, sympathetic—apparently a solid family man. So bewildered was she that she and her husband began, without looking further, to accept him as a savior for Jean. Married to him, she would settle down, perhaps return to her faith, and shed respectability if not prominence upon them all.

Then the blow struck. In the circuitous way that unpleasant news gets around, the facts about Morris Hadley came to the Crowells. A girl who had been at school with Jean told her mother who made it known at a woman's club meeting, whence it soon reached their ears. The man was married; had a wife and two children in New York; had met Jean while she was at school; and the rest of the story was yet to be told.

Mrs. Crowell's first reaction, she says, was one of relief, because she felt so sure that Jean was unaware of the situation. At the first opportunity she almost breathlessly spoke to her daughter.

"Jean," she said, "did you know that Morris is married and has a family? He has a home in New York, two children, —"

"Yes, Mother, I knew it." It was cold and cruel, the way the girl talked. Her mother seldom repeats this conversation, and never without a flood of tears. "What of it?" she went on. "If his wife can't hold him, she doesn't deserve him. And if he loves me,—well, I can't help it if I'm in love with him."

"But Jean—Jean—you can't —"

"Oh, Mother, don't bring up those old-fashioned scruples of yours in this day and age. They were all right fifty years ago—but this is a different generation. And remember: I haven't won Morris yet; he can't make up his mind to leave his wife; has some crazy idea of honor that he thinks is binding him, though he loves me madly. I shall expect that you won't do anything that may spoil my chances with him." With that Jean walked away from her mother.

It was her father who really brought things to a climax. He spoke to Jean that evening, with a pent-up wrath that made even her quail.

"You knew," he said, questioningly at first, "that Morris Hadley is a married man?"

"Yes," answered Jean.

"That he is the father of two children?"

"Yes."

"And you let him make love to you, and you made love to him?"

"Oh Dad," Jean tried to put in, "you don't know —"

"Be quiet," he shouted. "I don't want to hear a word from you. I only want to tell you this: either you drop that philandering cad at once—drop him, do you hear?—or you leave this house and take your disgrace with you out into the streets. You have broken your mother's heart. You have broken a home that you had no right to touch. You have disgraced yourself and all of us. You have one chance to redeem yourself. Drop that sleek imitation of a man, or leave this house, and don't call yourself a daughter of mine any more."

It is impossible, I suppose, to put upon paper the rasping force of the man's words. It is strange how they worked upon Jean. I think now that they made her pause for a moment in her headlong course. Then it seems that she decided to take his words and make them her last appeal to Hadley; if they failed, she might have, in some sense, turned back.

She probably made a piteous appeal to her lover. Told him how she was being turned out of her home because she loved him. Told him she had no place to go. It was characteristic of the weakness of Hadley that the appeal conquered him entirely. It had been only a sentimental sense of honor that hitherto held him legally bound to his wife. Now the pathos of Jean's position probably evoked a new sense of what he called honor to her—and while she wept in his arms—he promised to marry her.

The next day he bought a house for her. A large, airy, roomy place with deep gables and maroon-colored roofing and of exquisite modern design. He settled a huge trust fund upon her, assuring her an unconditional income in perpetuity. Jean packed up her things without a word to her parents, and moved into the house. Hadley left for Reno that afternoon, having settled the day and the hour when he would return with his divorce and marry Jean.

* * *

Jean Crowell still lives in the gabled mansion, but, though three years have passed, Morris Hadley has never returned. There can be no doubt that he was sincere in his promise to return to Jean; but it is impossible to surmise which one of the hundred possible eventualities turned him aside from this purpose after he had left her. But Jean lives on in the gabled house, spends Hadley's money, gets what she can out of life—alone.

It is almost a year now, since, after repeated insistences from her mother, I went to call on Jean. Jean had never met me. A maid let me in. I suppose Jean thought I was there soliciting for some cause or other, because there seemed to be no particular reaction to the sight of the roman collar when she entered the room.

"Miss Jean Crowell?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded.

"I come," I said, watching her intently, "from your mother."

Out of the shadows that crossed her face, there finally emerged a bland smile. "I have no mother," she said, tonelessly.

Darkness. Only darkness there.

I changed my approach. "I have no wish," I said, "to disturb you, or bother you, or even condemn you. I know your story. I only want to ask you, in your own interest, whether you have found all this worth what you have lost." I waved a gesture about the room.

"I don't know what you mean," put in Jean. "'What I have lost.'"

Darkness. Only darkness around her.

"You have lost God, haven't you?" I said. "Somewhere along the road you have travelled you put Him out of your life. You need Him, Jean. You need to be able to kneel down once more as you used to, and pray. You need to know He is watching you, loving you, waiting for you. It wouldn't be so hard now for you to go back to Him."

She sat very quiet, but she said, "I don't know what you are talking about."

Darkness.

"You are lonely. The days and weeks are palling on you. You are waiting for Hadley, but Hadley will never return. And even if he did, you would be lonely still. Can all this that he gave you make you happy? Can it supply for God? For the parents you have given up, even though they did wrong you, not by driving you out, but by neglecting to guide you and help you more intimately when you were a child? Can this stand between you and God now?"

There was a long pause. Jean was looking out of the window—a large window, through which sunshine came pouring. Could I have known what she was thinking during that pause, I might have been able to do something for her. But I did not know.

Abruptly, with a toss of her head, she rose to her feet. There was a coldness and hardness as of steel in her offhand words:

"I have an engagement in a little while. You must excuse me."

Coldness and hardness and darkness. Seemingly impenetrable darkness around her soul . . . I took my hat and went out into the light. . . .

It was long before I had the courage to visit Jean's mother again. At last I could stay away no longer. I related the interview briefly, but she read the story better than I told it. And it was then I first heard those terrifying words, words I am trying to change, words of a mother who is old:

"If anything happens to me, do not let them call Jean. I do not want her near me—ever—ever—living or dead."

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Contrasting the relations between parents and children of a generation or so ago with those of today, Corra Harris, a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, gives vent to some convictions in which there may be an element of exaggeration, but in which there is many a nugget of truth.

"The parents," she says, "of a former generation had less to spend upon the education of their children than the indulgent class of modern parents, but they spent much more of themselves at this business. And it yielded better returns in the quality of the characters of their sons and daughters. They had that old courage of devotion to their young, far less of the weakness of the purely animal affections so many parents show now, outwitted by their own worldly pride and by the contemptuous tyranny of their growing children."

The so-called modern crime-wave, the spectacular manifestations of lawlessness and degeneracy, says the writer, have their roots in the home. "Whatever the contributory influences may be, the original source from which these conditions spring is in parents grown supinely broad-minded and lax in their moral obligations to their children. Never before in history have fathers and mothers abdicated, faced about and become the slaves and disciples of their ignorant offspring. It is one of the most disastrous revolutions the world has ever seen, because it is carried on with all the glorifying propaganda of uplifters leading a reform."

Strong words are these; but who will say they are not true?

Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

The concluding ceremonies of the rite of baptism are explained here. Their rich symbolism and sublime prayers make them worthy of the understanding and interest of all Catholics.

In the rite of baptism there are three distinct exorcisms of satan. The first as has been described was short and simple. It took place at the door of the church, immediately after the petition for baptism and the short instruction on faith, hope and charity. The second was longer and more solemn. It was connected with the giving of blessed salt. The third exorcism takes place in the church at the door of the baptistry. It closes with the solemn renunciation of satan.

Having arrived at the baptistry while reciting the Apostles' Creed and the Our Father, the priest turns to face the child and pronounces the following exorcism:

"I exorcize thee, every unclean spirit, in the name of God the Father Almighty, and in the name of Jesus Christ His Son, our Lord and Judge, and in the power of the Holy Ghost, that thou dost depart from this creature of God, which our Lord has deigned to choose as His holy dwelling, that it may become a temple of the living God, and the holy Spirit may dwell in it. Through the same Christ our Lord, Who will come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire. Amen."

The third exorcism

Thereupon the priest touches the ears of the child with his thumb moistened with saliva. While doing so he says: "*Ephpheta, that is, be thou opened.*" Then he touches the nostrils of the infant saying: "*For an odor of sweetness. But thou, satan, take to flight; for the judgment of God will approach.*"

Ears and nostrils

This is one of the oldest ceremonies in the rite of baptism. In fact it is evidently modelled on the actions of Christ. The Savior repeatedly used spittle in curing the defective. In this manner He gave hearing and speech to one deaf and dumb. Later He cured a blind man in the same way. On the former occasion, Christ accompanied His action with the word "*Ephpheta.*"

It is not enough that satan should be expelled from the child. The Church wishes too that the infernal deceiver of men might not use the

things of the world to delude the Christian. The priest prays therefore that the ears of the neophyte may be open and receptive only for the true wisdom of God. Consequently his ears should be closed to the errors that satan would sound in them through his works and pomps. St. Alphonsus says: "There are two kinds of sciences upon earth—one heavenly, the other worldly. The heavenly is that which leads us to please God, and makes us great in heaven. The worldly is that which urges us to please ourselves, and to become great in the world. But this worldly science is folly and madness in the sight of God." Nevertheless this worldly science is attractive to the natural man. The "prince of this world" artfully lauds its advantages. Little wonder that the Church, led by the Spirit of truth, solicitously prays for every new Christian that he keep his ears open to truth and closed to cunning falsehood.

Even his nostrils should be made sensitive to the sweetness of divine doctrine. He should turn away with loathing from the miasmatic affluvia which the foul fiend causes to arise from the swamps of this world. Would such a nice sense of sound doctrine be helpful to the Christian? Certainly. In the eighteenth century rationalism had infected many an old institution of learning in Europe. St. Clement Hofbauer was only a young student, but he was quick to perceive error. So he set out for Rome to get the true doctrines of Christ unpolluted. He himself said: "I have a Catholic nose." He was quick to detect error. This keen spiritual perception kept him from making serious mistakes.

Satan has been expelled by the exorcism. The child has been made proof against his seductions by the rite on ears and nostrils. All that still can be done, is to formally renounce the evil one and all his works. In the early church, it was customary to baptize adult catechumens by immersion. Up to this point in the rite they were clad in elegant clothes. Now these were taken off, for the double purpose of preparing for the immersion and of showing that they laid aside the vain things of the world, which are satan's instruments to deceive the unwary. Then followed the renunciations, which are also kept in the present-day ceremonial for the baptism of infants. Accordingly the priest asks the sponsors in the name of the child the following questions:

Question: *Dost thou renounce satan?*

Answer: *I do renounce him.*

Question: *And all his works?*

Answer: *I do renounce them.*

Question: *And all his pomps?*

Answer: *I do renounce them.*

The renunciations are the culmination of all the ceremonies that have preceded. The person desiring baptism must give up the things of this world which satan uses in his work of vanity and deception. He must live by faith, for God and the things of eternity. Christ stated plainly: "No man can serve two masters." "He that is not with Me is against Me." The catechumen has definitively chosen Christ.

But satan, though driven out, will not concede defeat. The Savior Himself said that the infernal spirit would seek reinforcements stronger than himself. He will make every effort to regain what he once possessed. Consequently the new Christian will have to fight to remain loyal to Christ. But the Church of Christ at once prepares him for the combat. The priest next anoints the child in the form of a cross upon the breast and between the shoulders with the sacred oil of the catechumens. While doing this he says: "*I anoint thee with the oil of salvation in Christ Jesus our Lord, that thou mayest have life everlasting. Amen.*"

In ancient times it was customary for combatants and contestants to apply oil to their bodies, so that they might not be attacked or held so easily. St. Paul compares the Christian life to such a contest. The same comparison underlies this ceremony. The Church reminds the new Christian that it will be a glorious warfare. Salvation and victory will be certain through Christ. The reward will be life everlasting.

Thus far the priest has been wearing a violet stole, as a sign of compassion for the soul of the child, supernaturally dead in sin and in satan's power. But the evil spirit has been expelled, and the moment of baptism is near. Therefore the priest takes off the purple stole and puts on a white one. White is the color of life and joy and innocence.

The renunciation of satan was only half of the baptismal covenant. The child must furthermore choose God. This is done by faith. Therefore, just before baptism the child must make a solemn profession of faith. So the priest asks:

"Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven

Anointing of
breast and
shoulders

The white
stole

Profession
of faith

and earth?" And the sponsors answer for the child: *"I do believe."*

"Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was born into this world and Who suffered for us?"

The answer is again: *"I do believe."*

"Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting?"

And the answer as before is: *"I do believe."*

These are solemn words of fidelity to God. A more momentous choice for himself no one has ever made. The Church accepts the profession of faith sincerely made. But to make sure that no one accepts the obligations of a Christian except with entire freedom, the priest asks: *"Wilt thou be baptized?"* And the sponsors answer for the child: *"I will."*

All preparations for the great act of regeneration have been made. While both sponsors hold the child, the priest pours the water in the form of a cross over its head saying: *"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."*

Immediately after the baptism, the priest anoints the crown of the child's head with the holy chrism. Meanwhile he says:

"Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who regenerated thee of water and the Holy Ghost, and who granted to thee the remission of all thy sins, may Himself anoint thee with the chrism of salvation, in the same Christ Jesus our Lord unto life everlasting. Amen."

In ancient times priests and kings were anointed by the outpouring of oil over their heads. It was the most honorable act possible. By it they were selected for an exalted and special service of God. But does the Church intend to give to this anointing with chrism of every Christian a similar signification? There can be no doubt that such is the meaning of this anointing. St. Peter wrote to the Christians in his day: "You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people." Every Christian must be a priest, offering to God dwelling constantly in his heart as in an anointed temple, the pleasing sacrifice of Christlike virtues. And he must be a king ruling over the inclinations and desires of his nature, bringing them into subjection to Christ, the King of Kings.

Immediately after the anointing the priest greets the new Christian

with the greeting of the risen Savior. "*Peace be to thee.*" Should the new Christian then expect a life without strife and pain and contradiction? No. "*Life is a warfare.*" But that constant warfare for God's cause is compatible with the true and sweet peace of Christ. For the Savior only a few hours before His passion began said to His apostles: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you." Christ's peace is a result of the love of God and of all our fellow-men, even our enemies, for the love of God. That charity was inculcated at the very beginning of the baptismal ceremony.

The white
garment of
innocence

Next the priest places a small white garment upon the child, saying: "*Receive this white garment, and bring it immaculate before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest have life eternal.*" This ceremony is beautiful and significant. But its lesson is so obvious that nothing more need be said about it.

Thereafter the priest gives to the sponsor a lighted candle, saying: "*Receive this burning candle, and keep thy baptism without reproach.*"

The light
of faith

Keep the commandments of God, so that when the Lord shall come for his nuptials thou mayest go to meet Him together with all the saints in the celestial court and live forever and ever. Amen."

The allusion in this rite to the parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins is evident. Every Christian soul is a spouse of Christ. She must keep the lamp of her faith burning, by good works and the observance of the precepts. Furthermore she must be always ready. For the Bridegroom said "you know not the day nor the hour."

Finally the priest dismisses the new Christian with the words: "*Go in peace, and may the Lord be with thee.*"

Thus ends the ceremonial of baptism. It is rich in scriptural allusions, replete with salutary lessons, venerable with the sacred customs of the first centuries. The Church against which the gates of hell have never prevailed guards it as a precious heritage of her apostolic origin. It is not surprising that her laws enjoin that these ceremonies be never omitted in the administration of baptism, except in the case of serious necessity.



"Every time I see a barefooted child on the street I seem to see Jesus Christ."—*Father Matthew.*

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XX.

Modern news items have brought to us a picture of Catholic Spain that is indeed sad. That there have been abuses, and that a Catholic people have had their sins, are facts that no one will deny. But we should not allow the dark side of the picture to obscure the divine traits of God's church. The very days of the early Christian martyrs were flecked by apostasy, and the days that produced St. Robert Bellarmine and St. Peter Canisius were saddened by the fall of entire nations. So too in the sad days of Spanish history God gladdens his people by the appearance of a saintly boy, who I am sure is but the herald of many others in the Southern Peninsula. The facts of the short life of the boy have special weight in that his biographer is a priest who knew him well, Rev. Claudius Garcia Herrero, S.J., who in turn received much of his information from the boy's parents and grandparents and especially an aunt, Donna Catalina Pedraja, to whom the lad was much attached.

ANTONIO MARTINEZ DE LA PEDRAJA 1920-29

Antoñito, as his family familiarly called him, was born on August 8, 1920, in the pretty city of Santander. This town, situated on the Bay of Biscay, with over 53,000 inhabitants, is the principal city of the province of Santandar, and was formerly the summering place of the Kings. The boy was somewhat sickly so that baptism was deferred till August 18th. The family of the Pedraja was well connected and boasted of an archbishop, Msgr. Juan de Herrera, archbishop of Monterey, Mexico, who confirmed Antoñito, his nephew, four years later.

The lad proved to be very precocious so that at the age of three, instructions had to be suspended so as to allow for his proper physical development. It was the opinion of the physician that attended Antoñito, that he had never seen the lad's equal for precociousness of mind. Naturally the boy sought to know everything and questions flowed continually from his lips.

"FOR PAPÁ DIOS"

"What made that?" he one day asked his mother, pointing to some flowers.

"God made them, my son," she answered, "God—who has made all things from nothing by His mere power. He has given you parents, the clothes you wear, food, and toys."

The lad looked at her in astonishment, and then filled with enthusiasm, he cried out:

"O how much He must care for me, mamma dear; I will love Him just so much more; but I cannot tell Him that for I cannot see Him."

She then explained to the boy how God knows and sees all things, and as she noted how carefully the lad listened to her every word, she seized the opportunity to impress a lesson on his young mind. "God sees everything, my son, everything, and especially when you let yourself get angry." Tofiito was greatly impressed.

From this time on, Mrs. Pedraja sought to teach her son the necessity of making sacrifices to God. One day a splendid chance offered itself. Antofiito like the rest of us, had his castor oil days and resisted as every boy might. But instead of mingling the oil with something less difficult to take, she suggested that "Papá Dios" would like him to take this dose, and that he should make of it a sacrifice to God. "Yes, mamma," he answered quite simply, "for papá Dios" and from that day Antofiito made castor oil serve more than one good purpose.

"WHY DID PAPÁ DIOS DIE?"

One of the thrilling experiences of every mother is to watch the soul development of her child. To be privileged to lift the veil ever so little and let the light of God filter through, is something that repays all pain and worry a thousandfold. Such a thrill came to this mother too, as she would sit with Antofiito and tell him the Bible stories. Sometimes she would tell him some of the fables, but the lad would look sadly at her, and tell her in his most coaxing way:

"Mamma, those stories are lies—they are not true. Tell me about the Infant Jesus."

In the Old Testament he loved the story about Joseph and would never tire hearing it told and retold. The story of Job had also a great fascination for him, since it brought home to him a lesson that his fiery nature well needed: patience. The lad was five or six years old when he was taken down with a bad case of quinsy. His fever mounted high;

he became restless and nervous. His mother to distract him started to tell him a story, but the lad interrupted her:

"No mamma; I would prefer if you would read the life of Job because I feel a little impatient."

One day, Toñito, three years old, espied a crucifix in the home of his grandmother. Immediately he turned to his mother with the question:

"Why did papá Dios die?"

She sat down with the lad and told him the story of the Passion. The boy cried bitterly while she spoke and every now and then interrupted her to find out some detail or other. Some time later she was again telling him of the Passion, when the dark tear-filled eyes turned full upon her, as he asked:

"But mamma, He doesn't suffer any more, does He? He is now very happy in heaven."

"Ah yes, my boy," she answered, "He suffers when men do not love Him and when they offend Him."

"But I love Him very much, very much," he insisted with all the fiery energy the little fellow had; "more than I love you and you already know how much I really love you. I do not want Jesus to be sad on my account." And then after a little pause, he asked her anxiously:

"I did not make Him suffer, mamma, did I?"

"No darling," she assured him, "little children like you do not make him suffer." But he was not yet satisfied.

"And why don't big people please Him if He died for them? I will try to be good and not displease Him." He then pleaded with her to tell Him what would displease Him, and when she said that mortal sin did that, he wanted to know what that was.

"That you will learn," she replied, "when you study the catechism, but now it is enough to know that little children like you do not commit mortal sins."

"But do big people do such things?" he asked astonished. "What a terrible thing! I would rather die!"

HIS LOVE FOR THE ROSARY

One day his mother mentioned to Toñito that Napoleon was a great man.

"Napoleon, mamma," he answered, "was an ambitious man; therefore he did not succeed with the Spaniards, and we defended ourselves

well." He was deeply interested in the history of his country, and would flush with excitement when being told of the Spanish War of Independence and especially of the happenings of the Second of May. The lad was a thorough Spaniard, a little fiery cavalier.

He had great confidence in his mother and would not dream of withholding anything whatever from her. One day he came home, and approaching his mother, said very seriously:

"There is one thing, mamma, that you do not know, and I will tell it to you even though it may cause you to punish me. If you ask me, I will tell you; do you want to know?"

"Yes, my son," she replied, "you know that I like to know all that you do."

"Well then, mamina," he began rather penitently, "we were in an orchard that is near Paco, and we ate an apple. Now are you going to punish me?" The mother did not punish him, but showed him how he did wrong and what must be done about it.

At the age of three, he showed the greatest satisfaction when told about "La Madre del Cielo" as he called Our Blessed Lady.

"I love you very much, mamina mia, very much," he one day told his mother, "more than anything in the whole world, but I love 'mia Madre del Cielo' more."

From the age of seven, he recited the rosary every evening without fail. It so happened that the family physician ordered the little fellow to be tucked in for the night at eight o'clock. One evening near ten o'clock, grandmother stole into his little room to see if her 'nietecito' (little grandson) were asleep. But there he was wide awake, although he was very tired.

"Granny, would you do me the favor of saying my rosary with me?" he whispered to the astonished grandmother. She objected that it was already late, too late for him to be awake; that she had already said the rosary with the family. But Toñito won out and granny said a second rosary that night. One time he fell asleep at the second mystery. That would not happen again, he resolved. The next day, when he was supposed to play with the rest of his little neighbors at four o'clock, he quietly stole away to his good granny's room, fetched her rosary and cited the servants, in this fashion: "I am come to recite the rosary with you!" and every evening after that Toñito would say the beads with the servants.

One day the lad was overjoyed at being allowed to play a game of cards with his father; before this it had always been forbidden. He proved to be a very apt pupil and was wrapt up in the game, when his mother reminded him that it was almost time to say the rosary with the servants. Tofito stopped a moment and looked at her thoughtfully:

"Mamma, if I were not to say the rosary with them today, what would happen?"

"Nothing would happen," she answered.

"You won't be displeased, mamma?" he queried.

"No, my boy, I won't be displeased," she replied; "but the Virgin, I imagine, will not be very well satisfied with you." And without waiting for another reason, the boy dropped his cards on the table and ran off to say the rosary with the servants.

Each day in company with one of his elders, he visited the shrine of Our Lady of Dolors in the Church of San Francisco. Already at this early date, he frequently expressed his firm conviction: "I have no fear of going to hell; I will be saved because I am much devoted to the Virgin." His short life gave frequent example of his attachment to the Mother of God, but it reached its high point in his last sickness, shortly before death claimed him. His mother tells us that she sought to spend as much time as possible with the boy, but had at times to absent herself to do her housework. One day she was working a short distance from his room, when she heard him call softly: "Mother, mother!" She hurried to him and inquired:

"What do you wish, my son? But the lad, somewhat surprised at being heard, replied:

"I did not call you, mamma; I was speaking with my Mother in heaven!" His call was answered shortly after, when Mother took him to her own.

"I DESIRE HIM SO MUCH!"

At five, he knew the catechism very well, not as a matter of mere child memory but also in an understanding way. But long before his First Communion, the boy had a burning desire to receive the Savior. He was constantly asking why children could not receive before seven if they knew the catechism. "How hard it is not to be able to receive Jesus in my heart! I desire Him so much!" When seeing others go to Communion, he told them: "How happy you are to receive Jesus!" When they returned, he kissed them eagerly saying: "How fortunate

you are who have Jesus in your heart! When will I be able to receive Him? O how long I will have still to wait, until I reach seven!"

He received a partial consolation, however, from the fact that at this time he began to go to confession. His mother prepared him carefully for the event, and on the day she gave permission, Toñito asked one of the servants to take him to the residence of the Jesuit Fathers. His confessor acknowledged later that the lad showed an astounding understanding of Christian doctrine. Each Saturday with unflinching regularity the lad appeared before his confessor. He would never allow his games to interfere, and would tell his mother to keep the boys busy until his return, which would be "very, very soon." Even when at the summer resort, the boy would not allow the matter of distance to keep him from his confession, but in some way would arrange to have himself taken to the church by automobile or wagon.

His desires for Holy Communion went on increasing, and he sought to satisfy them to a certain extent by going to Mass as often as possible. Even before his seventh year, he asked insistently to be allowed to go along to Mass. One day his aunt took him to Mass with her. When the moment of consecration arrived, she wished to assure herself that he would be quiet and devotional in that solemn moment, and said to him:

"Be nice and quiet, Toñito, because at this moment Jesus comes down from Heaven into this host." But after a few moments the lad said:

"But I see Him, I see Him!"

This incident did not happen only once, but was repeated several times so that there could hardly be a question of mere imagination.

TOWARD THE ALTAR

Quite a time before the great day of First Communion, Toñito spoke of the coming event with the greatest enthusiasm. A month before, the family went for a stay at the seaside resort of Sobron. Everybody at the hotel was informed by the enthusiastic little fellow that he was going to receive Communion the next month and all were invited to be present. He told the proprietor and all the servants to be sure to be there, for everything they would ask Jesus on that day they would receive.

The date was finally decided to be the feast of the Assumption, 1927. This date had been selected by his parents because they knew how greatly the little fellow loved that feast of Our Lady. They were,

therefore, very much astounded to hear him plead with them for an earlier date:

"No, mamma, for love of God, that would be a big mistake! When I begged you to receive Communion, you said that I had not reached the age of seven; this will happen on the 8th of August, and I would not like to wait even one day more." And so in view of the impatience of Toñito the date was moved up to the 8th, and the lad was satisfied. The event took place in the historic little church of Liencres, a few miles from Santander. The boy could hardly sleep the night before, so great was his excitement. With the first dawn, he was already awakening his grandmother, and preparations had to be begun. Father Janez, the confidant of the boy, gave him Communion, at which the entire family was present.

It is rather remarkable in this lad's life, to note how he actually hungered to assist at Mass and to receive Communion. The greatest reward that you could give to him, was permission to receive the next morning. He would tell his aunt, Donna Catalina Pedraja, to awaken him because he wanted to go to Mass and Communion with her the next morning. And she, to whom we are indebted for so many details of the lad's life, has told us that he could be deep in sleep yet one single call and reminder about Communion would bring him into activity. Sometimes to allow the boy more rest, which his health demanded, she would endeavor to steal away unheard, but Toñito, whose room adjoined hers, would halt her with the remark: "Anená, you won't go without me, will you? I want so much to go with you to Communion!"

His love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament became so great that in the last months of his life, he had to rise earlier, since he could not sleep for very joy at the thought of Communion. Daily Communion was his one desire, but his parents withheld him from it because of his health. He therefore received every Sunday, and First Friday and on the principal feasts.

His desire for the Eucharist is well brought out by an incident told by his mother. When in church the priest would be preparing to give out Communion, the boy would be the first to go up to the Communion rail. He was told not to show his impatience in that way, and should seek to put that time on more preparation and thus get more fruit out of his Communion. The lad obeyed, but one day his mother overheard him exclaim softly: "Let us now go, I want to converse with Jesus!"

Since Toñito obeyed every little suggestion of his confessor, Mrs. Pedraja thought it well to tell him of his conduct in this regard. Shortly after, when she and Toñito were about to enter the church, he said to her: "From today on, I will see to it that I go to Communion the last of all." This looked to her to be something of the extreme and she told him so, but he replied:

"Yes, mamma, I think I had a little pride in seeking to be the first to receive." And from that day, Toñito was the last to approach the Communion rail.

THE WORKINGS OF THE EUCHARIST

One of the very pronounced effects of Holy Communion in Toñito's life, was the special joy he experienced from the very first Communion and in each Communion after that. By nature, to be sure, the boy, was lively and gay. But those with whom he lived, noticed that this gayety became greater and deeper; never for a single moment was the lad seen to be in bad humor. One day when he was speaking confidentially to his mother, he made this reply to her question as to the reason why he seemed always so contented and happy:

"It is, mamma, because I always have a peaceful conscience. Since you once told me that obedience to superiors was obedience to God, I am always happy, so that when you tell me to study, I know that by studying I give pleasure to Jesus. You tell me to play and enjoy myself as much as possible especially when visiting cousins. If you forbid me to go, I agree because I know that God commands the same thing. Playing alone is not so nice, but we have not come to the world to play but to serve God." How well this mere lad has manned the entire philosophy of life, and how perfectly he has expressed it in a few simple words!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FEAR OF DEATH

When Father Bertrand Wilberforce, the saintly Dominican, was in his last illness, Father Moss, in order to prepare him for the last Sacraments, gently broke the news of his dying state to him. No sign of surprise or fear passed over his features.

"Are you not afraid to die, Father?" asked Father Moss.

"Afraid to die!" was the answer. "Do you think I am such a tomfool as to be afraid of what I have been getting ready for all my life?"

Catholic Anecdotes



THEORY AND PRACTICE

On December 21, 1802, the little Community of Sisters known as the Society of the Sacred Heart, recently founded, lacked a superior because Mademoiselle Loquet had returned to the world. Father Varin, the spiritual director of the little band, called the group together and spoke to them about Our Lord, and told them he wanted to make sure that they were properly instructed in Christian doctrine. He proceeded to ask them in turn about various points of doctrine, grace, redemption, sacraments and so on. Finally he came to the youngest, who happened to be the future saint, Madeleine Sophie Barat.

"You are the youngest, and I must give you the easiest question," he began. "Why did God make you?"

"To know Him, to love Him and to serve Him," was the quick reply.

"What do you mean by serving God," he continued.

"Doing His will . . ." she answered and would have gone on to explain, but was interrupted by the priest:

"To serve God is to do His will, you say? You wish to serve Him?"

"Yes, Father," Madeleine replied.

"Well," he said solemnly, "His will is that you should be Superior."

She was only 23, and on her knees she begged for pity and release. But neither was given, and for 62 years she ruled as superior and became a saint.

THE FRUITS OF A CONFESSION

The pastor of a parish in a large city once received a considerable sum of money from a penitent, which he was to return as restitution to its rightful owner.

He took the money and, calling at the business office of the owner, who happened to be a careless Catholic, asked to speak with him privately on an important matter. He was told that the man was busy and could not see him. The priest insisted. Finally the man appeared, and seeing the priest, broke out angrily:

"Sir," he said sneeringly, "if your 'important private business' is to be an exhortation to go to confession, let me tell you that you are wasting your time."

"I beg you pardon," replied the priest quietly, "my business is not to talk to you about confession, but to bring you the fruits of a confession." With that he handed him the money, explained briefly what it was, and left.

Astonishment replaced the anger in the man's heart. Finally he came to himself, hurried after the priest and begged him to take the money and to use it for the poor. And it was not long before he himself was at the confessional.

A PARABLE OF FRIENDSHIP

A man had three friends. He loved two of them dearly, thinking he could depend on their friendship in every circumstance. The third one he loved in a very ordinary manner and never considered him a probable source of help in difficulty.

The time came when the man was unjustly accused of a crime and called to be judged.

"Which of you," he asked of his friends, "will go with me and give testimony for me? For I am unjustly accused and the king is angry."

The first of his friends excused himself on the plea of pressing business cares; the second accompanied him to the door of the court; but fearing the displeasure of the king, took his leave. The third, on whom he had counted not at all, went into the court-room with him and spoke so convincingly in his favor that the king set the accused man free.

Man has three friends in this world. Of what help are they in death, when he must appear before God to be judged? Money, often his most dearly loved friend, leaves him first. His relatives and friends accompany him to the grave and then return to their homes. His third friend, the good he has done in the sight of God, can alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge, to plead for him and find mercy and reward for him.

CONDESCENSION

Michael Earls, in the Ave Maria, quotes the following story in the words of the distinguished leader of the lay apostolate, Peter Collins:

On one occasion, when I was to lecture in a great opera house, a distinguished Judge was presiding, and introduced me. Pardon me for observing that he took a most patronizing air, making it apparent that he was very condescending towards the occasion and the speaker.

After the address and the answering of questions, the Judge invited me to walk down to the hotel with him. I told him that I was honored in that invitation. As he continued his patronizing air and attitudinizing, I felt constrained (pardon me, for I am sure I did not mean to display vanity) to say:

"Judge, I had a conversation about you with a very distinguished American a week ago."

"Pray, who might that be?" he queried with lifted eye-brows. "Who was the distinguished American that a plain man in overalls, Peter Collins, could visit for a social hour?"

"President Wilson," I replied. "I was one of a committee appointed by a National Council to request President Wilson to appoint your Honor to the Supreme Court of the United States."

VENGEANCE OF GOD

Some time ago a French newspaper published a very instructive summary on the manner in which the members of the National Convention of the French Revolution died. This convention was made up of 749 members, who were responsible for practically all of the horror that stained those days and made it truly a "reign of terror."

Of the members, 48 died on the scaffold, 8 were murdered and two were shot. Suicide claimed 14 of them; and eleven died in abject misery. Collot d'Herbois died like a dog in the common street; Brissot and Petion were found half devoured; Armonille died suddenly. One-sixth of the members, that is about 138, were deported and many of them committed suicide. Of those who returned to France, 23 disappeared on the 18th of Brumaire and were never heard from; 25 died in misery and 65 others were made away with in a way that was never revealed.

Among the Presidents of the National Convocation, we find 18 guillotine victims, 8 suicides, 8 exiles, six in prison for life, 4 in the insane asylum, and 22 declared outlawed.

Sixteen centuries ago, Lactantius wrote a work "On the Deaths of Persecutors" and showed how the persecutors of God's church came to a miserable end. A similar fact is verified down the ages and will be verified till the end of time. God is patient because He may well wait but Sacred Scripture bears witness to the fact that "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord of hosts" and "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

~~~~~ *Pointed Paragraphs* ~~~~~

QUEEN OF MAY

"My tongue faileth, Lady," said St. Anselm, addressing the Blessed Mother, "for my mind is insufficient. Lady, all that is within me burns that I may render thee thanks for thy so great benefits. But I am unable to conceive worthy praise, and am ashamed to put forth that which is unworthy."

Every Catholic must feel something of that muteness expressed by St. Anselm in the presence of Mary. Perhaps the most forceful way of bringing oneself to realize the great beauty she possesses and the place she holds in Catholic lives, is to try to conceive what those lives would be without her.

How much farther Christ would seem away from us, had He not chosen to come through Mary, a human mother, from whose human flesh He chose His own.

How much confidence and power would be lost to us, if suddenly we were deprived of the privilege of calling on Mary to plead our cause with her Son, in sorrow, in temptation, in sin.

How much inspiration to reach the ideal would be absent from our lives—the ideal in purity—the ideal in patience—the ideal in all virtue—were not the image of the immaculate and sinless Mary before us like a star.

How much intimacy with God and His saints would be lessened—how much of that sense of personal relationship between us and the Holy Family would be taken away—had God not made Mary our Mother as He is our Father, and Christ the Brother of us all.

How empty would seem our homes, how chilled our hearts, how barren our memories, if all the compelling influences of Mary's heart upon our childhood and youth and age had never been known.

Thus we might easily go on and on—recounting our lack and our losses, if God had not chosen Mary to be His own Mother and made her ours as well.

May reminds us that Mary is ours—she can never be taken away. What strange Catholics and Christians we are, if we do away with her

ourselves—by thinking of her seldom, by neglecting her imitation, by praying to her scarcely ever at all!

MOTHERHOOD

The recently popularized "Mother's Day" occurs in the month of May. Besides granting an opportunity and an incentive for sons and daughters throughout the land to express the gratitude and devotion for their mothers that is too often left to be taken for granted in this age of sophistication, it brings to mind certain truths about motherhood that the industrial era has often forgotten and not seldom denied.

Some of these truths were given impressive expression by a Jewish Rabbi, Ferdinand M. Isserman, in a speech in St. Louis during the month of March. He said:

"When women accept the judgment that the career of motherhood is insignificant, then they are accepting merely a rationalization of man who sought to increase his own importance in society by minimizing the significance of women.

"Motherhood is a great career. It is a science and an art. It need not be despised. The work of most men is insignificant. It is mechanical. It is technical and in our machine age it will become increasingly so.

"The work of woman as mother, as wife and as housekeeper is creative, permits of individuality and is of the utmost significance to society.

"The new social order which the world needs can be made possible only by women fulfilling the finest function of motherhood."

What the Rabbi says is forceful and true, but its viewpoint is naturalistic. When to his words are added that motherhood means creative work for God, the creation of beings for eternity, the molding of minds and wills and hearts and bodies that are to be happy forever, then the work outstrips in importance every other form of creative work that it is given to man to achieve.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIETIES

At the convention of the National Council of Catholic Men held at Pittsburgh this year, the Rev. J. M. Delaney, Diocesan Director of the Pittsburgh Union of the Holy Name Society, was questioned as to the methods followed in his work. The few simple principles he laid down, as quoted in the *Holy Name Journal*, deserve wide publicity and attention in these days of weakening Catholic solidarity.

Question: What in your opinion, Father Delaney, causes many well organized societies to disintegrate so soon? Six months after organization, they seem to fall to pieces.

Answer: I am grateful for that question. With me, the answer is ready-made. In our diocese, we are constantly appealing to the men to receive Holy Communion with the Holy Name men at the Holy Name Mass. Let's suppose that the Holy Name Mass is at eight o'clock. In every parish, a certain group of men will insist on attending Mass at nine o'clock; another group take to the ten o'clock; others will receive Holy Communion in a church "just across the street," and thus fail to attend Mass in their own parish church; some contrary-like will attend Mass in their own church, will even be present at the Holy Name Mass, but will insist on hanging over a radiator in the rear of the church or they will modestly take a seat on the side aisle. These are the groups of men that unwittingly wreck the best organized Holy Name Society. And so, throughout the diocese, we insist and constantly stress the importance of *every man with the Holy Name Society, at the Holy Name Mass.*

Question: How do you keep up your membership?

Answer: We have our parish divided into twelve districts; two "Prefects" are appointed for each district. On the first Sunday of October, these prefects meet with their officers and the spiritual director of the parish. Each prefect is given a list of names, men in his district who are not bona fide Holy Name men. Each prefect is supplied with cards on which is the wording: "I hereby promise faithfully to be at Holy Communion with the Holy Name Society, once a month *for one year.*"

From the first Sunday of October until the following Friday night, these prefects canvass the parish, approach every man whose names they have, and others they hear about, have them sign that card. At a second meeting on Friday night the prefects report. These cards are filed by the officers, whose duty it is to meet at least twice a month, and note the fulfillment of the pledge on the part of each man. If, after a few months, a member is growing lax, the officers immediately notify the prefects of that district, whose work is thus cut out for them. We are thus in constant touch with the success or failure of any particular district.

THE SAD SCIENTIST

Some time ago, Professor Herbert Jennings, zoologist and geneticist of Johns Hopkins University, in the final lecture of a series he had been giving at Yale, admitted, rather sadly it seemed, that biology found no support for the doctrine of life after death. Life does indeed continue, he said, but in other individuals. Individuals who die exist no more than they did before they began life; no more than before the species to which they belong had been produced in evolution.

The sad Professor takes his conclusion, based on biological science, very seriously and, with sympathy for those who feel that it shows life to be futile, he tells them that, when the sharpness of disappointment has passed away, there are still standards of living, distinctions of right and wrong, objects in living as much as ever.

What a glorious confusion in the process of thinking! Of all human knowledge the biologist holds the key, says Professor Jennings. Alas, he cannot give you immortality; but be comforted; he will dig around among his specimens and find a few standards of living, a few distinctions of right and wrong, to soothe your aching heart.

Edward Martin, in the Editor's Easy Chair of *Harper's*, comments well on sad Professor Jennings:

"Bless the man! Why should he expect biology, which has to do with the body—bones, brains, flesh, and blood—to give him much light or final information about the spirit that inhabits it? . . . How many biologists have pursued any real researches about the departing spirit? One of the amusing troubles with the learned is their confidence in the validity of what they have learned and their disposition to feel that what they have not learned does not exist."

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

The Sunday Newspaper is a distinctive phenomenon of American life. Travelers from other lands tell us they have nothing like it at home. It is the product of much labor and even some sacrifice to the publisher. It has a special editor—or a number of them—devoting the whole week to its make-up. It is fed by a huge number of feature syndicates. The cost of publishing it is often far above the returns it brings; advertising profits in the daily papers have to make up the difference.

When it reaches the street, the Sunday paper is an armful for the

purchaser. For ten cents he can take home enough printed matter to distribute a generous portion to each member of the family and still have an abundance for himself.

This American phenomenon, besides being a means of entertainment, might be one of the most potent cultural influences in the land. People read on Sundays who have little time for it during the week. And it is natural that they read the newspaper; it is up to the minute; it is the latest; it has the appeal of something new.

Nevertheless there are few organs of entertainment and instruction so puerile as the feature departments of many a Sunday paper. The comic sections, also distinctly American, are not puerile in the sense in which I speak; they are in some sense adjusted to their purpose. But the magazine sections, the scientific, educational, cultural departments are in a large number of Sunday papers so childishly shallow and "unscientific" that they are not only puerile but far more comic than the professedly comic sections could be.

Extreme theories and opinions hold a prominent place. Not put forth as extremes, but naively proffered as the rock-ribbed truth of the ages. Evolution, in an extreme form that scarcely one in a dozen trustworthy scientists would admit, is not only an historic fact; the editor accepts pictures (out of the mists of an artist's imagination) that prove its truth. Man will not only some day reach Mars; he already knows (see picture on page 3) what it will look like when he gets there. The institution of marriage will die out by the year 2032; men and women will dress alike; the state will supervise the procreation of children and science will cure all man's ills. Bertrand Russell announces this balderdash; and who could doubt the words of so eminent a man?

If such things are worth printing, reader-interest in the Sunday paper must be presumed by editors to be confined to morons, and the morons not worthy of sensible instruction. Very probably most people, when they find the comic sections perchance flat and little productive of laughter, turn to the "scientific" sections and find their comedy there.

Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with thy whole heart. These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart . . . and thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising. And thou shalt bind them as a sign on thy hand, and they shall be and shall move before thy eyes. And thou shalt write them in the entry and on the doors of thy house.

-----LIGUORIANA-----

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

HEAVEN

Let us try while we are here to suffer with patience the afflictions of this life, offering them to God in union with the sufferings endured by Our Lord for love of us; let us take courage at the thought of Heaven. The day will come when all these troubles, sorrows, persecutions and fears will have their end, and, if we save our souls, they will be all changed into joys and pleasures in the Kingdom of the Blessed. It is thus Our Lord encourages us: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." Let us consider therefore what Heaven may be.

What can we say of Heaven if even the Saints most favored with light from God have been unable to give us an idea of the delights which God reserves for His faithful servants? Holy David could only say it was something most lovely: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

But perhaps if we turn to St. Paul, who had the bliss of being "caught up into Heaven," he can tell us of the things he has seen. But no; he says: what I saw there cannot be put into words. The delights of Heaven are "secret words, which it is not granted to man to utter." They are so great that they cannot be understood if they have not been enjoyed. I can only say, St. Paul tells us, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

FAITHFULNESS TO GOD IN TRIBULATION

Many persons like to hear about prayer and peace and the love of Christ, but not about suffering and the cross. They love Our Lord as long as they are caressed by the gentle breeze of spiritual sweetness; but if it ceases, and is succeeded by some storm or trouble, in which Our Lord hides Himself to try them by depriving them of their wonted consolations, they leave off praying, going to Holy Communion, and mortifying themselves, give way to sadness and tepidity, and begin to seek earthly pleasures.

Such souls love themselves rather than Jesus Christ: it is different with those who love Him with disinterested love, and not for the sake of the consolations He gives them. Loving Him with pure love, and only because He is worthy of love, they do not leave their usual exercises of piety no matter what dryness or weariness they experience; they are satisfied in simply pleasing God, and they offer themselves to suffer that same abandonment until death and for all eternity, if God so wills. St. Francis de Sales says:

"Jesus Christ is just as lovely when He hides Himself from us as when He consoles us with His presence."

Enamored souls gladly find their consolation and sweetness in suffering, when they think that they are suffering for Him.

O how sweet, O dearest Lover,
To Thy lovers is pain for Thee;

Let me die for Thee, my Jesus,
Who hast died of pain for me.

SALVATION IN PRAYER

Prayer is not only useful for us,
but necessary for the salvation of

our souls; hence Almighty God, because He wishes all to be saved, imposes it upon us by a command: "Ask and it shall be given to you."

The proposition that prayer is a matter of counsel for us, and not a command, was the error of Wycliff, condemned by the Council of Constance. The Holy Gospel says: "We ought always to pray." It does not say it is useful, or fitting, but "we ought to pray,"—and therefore theologians teach that a person cannot be excused from mortal sin if he fails to recommend himself to God at least once a month, and whenever he is attacked by strong temptation.

This necessity of recommending ourselves frequently to God arises from our helplessness to do any good deed or have any good thought of ourselves. Our Lord says: "Without Me, you can do nothing." And St. Paul: "Not that we are sufficient to think anything of ourselves, as of ourselves." Hence it was that St. Philip Neri declared that as far as he alone was concerned, he had despaired of ever saving his soul.

On the other hand St. Augustine writes that God wishes to give His graces, but He gives them only to those who ask Him for them. And in particular, he adds, the grace of perseverance is not given except to those who seek it.

SPIRITUAL MAXIMS

Desire always to grow in the love of Christ.

Make frequent acts of love of

Christ, beginning with your first waking moment and falling asleep with an act of love; seeking ever to unite your will with the will of Jesus Christ.

DEVOTION TO MARY

What should animate us most of all in our hope for Heaven is the beautiful promise the Blessed Virgin Mary has made

to those who honor her, and especially to those who by word and example seek to make her known and loved by others: "They that work by me shall not sin; they that explain me shall have life everlasting."

Oh, then, happy those, says St. Bonaventure, who win the favor of Mary! For the Saints in Heaven look down and see in them their fellow citizens on earth; anyone who wears the livery of a servant of Mary is already inscribed in the Book of Life. Why then need we trouble ourselves about the discussions of theologians concerning predestination to Heaven; whether our names are written or not in the Book of Life? If we are true servants of Mary, and secure her protection, our names are surely there; for St. John Damescene says that God grants the grace of devotion to His holy Mother only to those whom He wills to save. And God Himself seems expressly to have revealed this to St. John the Evangelist, when He said: "He that shall overcome . . . I will write upon him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God"—and what is this city of God but the Blessed Virgin, as St. Gregory explains in speaking of the text of David: "Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God."



Catholic Events



Persons:

Catholic Editors of newspapers and magazines throughout the country have called attention to the contrast between the world-wide storm of protest created by the persecution of Jews in Germany and the apathy with which the same world looks on the far more vindictive persecution of Catholics in Mexico, in Spain and in Russia. An editorial in the St. Paul Catholic Bulletin expresses the general sentiment in this wise: "Liberty perishes in Mexico and Mexico is ignored. Liberty vanishes in Spain and none mourns. Liberty is destroyed in Russia and for the sake of business we are asked to shake hands with its destroyers. Liberty is menaced in Germany, and, of a sudden, our indignation knows no bounds. We are unable to draw any inspiration from the inconsistency of that record and its implications."

The Tribunal of the Congregation of the Rota in Rome, Supreme judicial authority on disputed marriage cases in the Catholic Church, tried 52 cases during the juridical year 1931-32. In only 17 of these cases the nullity of the disputed marriage was declared. In the remaining 35 cases the validity of the marriage in question was upheld in accordance with the evidence offered.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society celebrates its centenary, May 20-22, by notable ceremonies in Paris, France, where the Society was founded by Frederick Ozonam in 1833. His Eminence, Jean Cardinal Verdier, will preside as Pontifical Legate. On the second day of the celebration Cardinal Verdier will pontificate at a Solemn Mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. That afternoon a solemn "Te Deum" will be chanted, following a discourse by the Very Rev. Martin Gillet, Superior-General of the Dominicans. Delegates from all over the world will attend the celebration; among them, George J. Gillespie of New York, President of the Superior Council of the United States.

The Rev. F. X. Lasance, author of many Prayer Books, celebrates the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on May 24th of this year. Father Lasance was ordained on May 24, 1883, by Archbishop Elder in St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati. After seven years as curate and pastor in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, his health broke down. He travelled to Europe on advice of physicians, but soon returned to this country, still suffering from chronic physical ailments which have never since left him. In April, 1891, he was appointed chaplain at the Sisters of Notre Dame (of Namur, Belgium) at Our Lady's Summit, East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, where he has remained ever since. There in his home, "The Hermitage," he has written most of the books that have since made his name so widely known. His is a story of the workings of Providence, for had he not been forced to retire from active pastoral work by illness, he would not have been able to bring spiritual help and inspiration to the millions who have been reached by his Prayer Books.

James F. Donnelly is the deaf-mute editor of the only national Catholic deaf-mute newspaper in the country. He is 71 years old, and has published the newspaper for 33 years. In the face of financial difficulties that have often threatened to wreck the newspaper, Mr. Donnelly has continued to publish it to the lasting benefit of the Catholic deaf-mutes. A campaign has recently been entered upon to spread the paper more widely among the deaf—even if in some cases it has to be sent free

because they cannot pay. Several hundred copies are sent out free at the present time; in other places bishops have entered the deaf-mute members of their flocks as subscribers, making the cost a diocesan charge. It is published at 91-11 - 116th St., Richmond Hill, New York.

The Little Sisters of the Poor some time ago asked the Probate Court at Boston for permission to refuse 300,000 dollars. The money was willed in trust by James W. Dunphy of Boston, who died a decade ago. It was explained to the Court that the community has vowed not to accept such funds, lest the members be tempted to swerve from their traditional purpose which is to support themselves and their charges by continual appeals to charity.

Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit, Michigan, has been selected by President Roosevelt for the post of Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. Mayor Murphy was formerly an instructor in the law school of the University of Detroit. His second term as Mayor of Detroit would have expired next year.

Professor Raymond Moley, one of President Roosevelt's closest advisors, is a Catholic. He was called upon often when the President was Governor of New York, and is frequently referred to as the President's "Secretary of Ideas."

The Ecclesiastical Merchants' Guild of the Middle West, through its President, *Mr. Oscar J. Holke*, writes to the Liguorian as follows: "Permit me to respectfully address you, extending my personal tribute, and the tribute of our organization, for the commendable action you have taken incidental to the unethical solicitation for business by a religious goods house in New York, as mentioned in your January issue of the Liguorian, page 91. Our Ecclesiastical Guild is making every effort to supply the needs of our respected and Reverend patrons, upon business methods of high standards, and it is gratifying indeed to note the cooperation we have from publishers like your community in these endeavors. Kindly accept our grateful appreciation, and with best wishes for your success, I remain, Very Truly Yours, Oscar J. Holke, President.

Places:

Spain has an active Catholicity working in defense of its rights. Under the slogan "Accion Popular" (Popular Action) a Confederation of Autonomous Rights has been formed which unites the important elements of the nation conforming to Catholic ideals. The new Confederation already has an affiliated membership of over 735,000. Under the proposed electoral system, 20,000 votes will correspond to each deputy, so that at the very least the Confederation will control 40 deputies. The purpose of the Confederation is to present a united Catholic front in defense of Catholic principles regarding religion, the family, labor, property, the state and social order. Only strictly legal methods will be used to attain the ends of the Confederation, which is above the form of Government, i.e., does not take sides in the dispute between monarchists and republicans. The first object of the Confederation is revision of the new constitution in order to rectify the national outrages against religion and the Church.

Holland has an organization known as the Catholic Association of Large Families, which is now actively seeking to reduce the tax burden on families of more than four children. It also favors a law like that in Belgium which would scale salaries according to the size of the family.

Ireland is no longer losing its people in large numbers to other lands. Last year only 270 emigrants left the country, the lowest figure in recent history. At the same time there were 2,470 people turning to Ireland from America. This is in itself an indication that, despite her troubles, Ireland has reached a secure and stable condition.

Book Reviews

SCRIPTURE

Introduction to the Bible. The Nature, History, Authorship and Content of the Holy Bible with Commentated Selections from the Various Books. By Rev. John Laux, M.A., 12mo., cloth, 384 pages. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price; list, \$1.12; to schools, net, \$0.84.

"It is a commonplace," says Rev. Carl J. Ryan, Ph.D. in his Preface to Father Laux's book, "that the reading of the Scriptures on the part of Catholics is sadly neglected."

All the Popes, most particularly the Popes of our own times have voiced their displeasure at this neglect and have done all in their power to light a glow of reverential love for God's book in Catholic hearts. "Since we desire to renew all things in Christ," wrote Pope Pius X in 1907, "nothing would please us more than to see Our beloved children form the habit of reading the Gospels not merely from time to time, but every day, for in them above all we learn how all things can and must be renewed in Christ." And Pope Benedict XV, on September 15, 1920, wrote that he prayed for "all the children of the Church, that, penetrated and strengthened by the sweetness of Holy Writ, they may attain to the surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ."

The reading of the Bible then, especially the reading of the New Testament, though not of obligation, is clearly desired and urgently recommended to Catholics by their Holy Mother, the Church. Catholics should delight in poring over and meditating the word of God and like Our Blessed Mother, should keep all these words in their hearts.

However a reader must first be introduced to an unknown book before he can read it with profit, and this is preeminently the case with the Bible.

Father Laux has written a short but complete and illuminating introduction to the Bible. It will be an excellent book for colleges to be used in the Religion courses; and it will also supply a need in every Catholic home for it contains just what is required to enable the Catholic to read the Holy Scriptures with interest and profit.

The general questions of the Divine Origin of the Bible or Inspiration, the Purpose of the Bible, the Canon of the Bible, the Languages of the Bible, Most Important Versions of the Bible, Oldest Manuscripts of the Bible and the Interpretation of the Bible are treated in the First Part. In Part II the author gives a short introduction to each book of the Old Testament, treating shortly the date, purpose and author of the single books. Lucid little explanations or exegetical passages are interspersed. He uses the same method in Part III for the New Testament.

Father Laux has included seven fine maps and a great number of illustrations in this precious little book. We recommend it highly to all.—E. A. M.

ASCETICISM

Lucent Clay. By a Sister of Notre Dame (de Namur). Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. 227 pages. Price, \$2.00; postpaid, \$2.10.

"It is the failure of words to be strong and bold, yet tender and sweet, that makes so much spiritual reading stupid. There is no such failure here. In these pages is revealed, with a beauty and directness which breathe through the words like actual graces, how love can sweeten the pain of thorns which pierce, and of scourges which lash a poor human body which has all the usual craving not to be hurt."

So says Joseph Corrigan in the Foreword of this book. It is high praise, but we do not think it is exaggerated.

Here we find the eternal truths clothed in words that make them appealing; sublime ideas brought to the understanding of the average man. Take for example this definition of "Supernatural Living":

"Perhaps the word 'Supernatural Living' frightens us, but it really is not so formidable as it appears. It is a beautiful state of being, to which neither place nor time need be a hindrance. It does not demand a change of *nature*, but we alter our mode of living and our *motive*. If the motive of our life is God, it follows that our manner of living will have a touch of Other-Worldliness, so refreshing, so invigorating, yet so simple and unassuming that, unknowingly, we

bring God to numberless Souls who hunger for Him, but who are not conscious of their need."

In the eleven chapters of this book we have an abundance of spiritual thoughts proffered us. The tone is ardent and enkindling, it is direct and persuasive. It is encouraging at once and uplifting. Written by a Sister in the Convent, it is written out of the heart, and hence will be found by all readers, not only religious but people in the world as well, to be of immense help especially in these days when anxieties of various kinds are so near.—A. T. Z.

CATECHETICS

Course in Religion For Use in the Grade Schools. By Sister James Stanislaus Rogan, of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Corondelet, St. Louis, Mo. Published by A. B. Dewes Printing and Stationary Co. St. Louis. 2nd revised edition, 1932. Pp. 94. Paper Cover.

Very laudable indeed is the effort being made by the various teaching orders to improve our methods of teaching Religion. That Sister James Stanislaus has the right objective seems clear to us from the one sentence in her general remarks:

"Of all the periods of the school day the one devoted to Religion should be the most interesting and eagerly looked for by every child in the grade."

She is, moreover, very encouraging, for she says: "It is in the power of every teacher to make such a happy condition in her class."

She aims to be practical: "Let the Catechist's aim in teaching and explaining the truths of our holy Religion be to awaken in the children a practical love of God and an immediate application of the truths taught."

Each lesson embraces six elements: Prayer, Instructions, Training in Practices; Scriptures (Old Testament or New); Stories (chiefly Scriptural); Quotations (to be memorized)—to which might be added a seventh: Hymns.

Thus for the month of September, in the first grade, we have this material assigned: 1) Prayer: Sign of the Cross,

Our Father; 2) Instruction: Love of God in creating us, and giving us all we need. He watches like a loving Father to reward us. Elicit acts of gratitude; 3) Training in practices: What is the simple genuflection? Say: "Sweet Jesus, I love You," when they bend the right knee. Why—How—When to make it? 4) Old Testament: Creation. Works of each day. Why God created all things. For whose use. What thoughts they should have when they see the beauties of nature, etc. 5) Stories: Joseph, Samuel David, Moses. Girlhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary. 6) Biblical quotations: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." Gen. 1.1.

Laid out as it is, the course for the eight grades is very complete and ought to help to make the Religion class "interesting and eagerly looked for."

—A. T. Z.

Our Precious Freedom. Pamphlet by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis. 10 cents a copy.

Arguing principally from the natural viewpoint, Father Lord shows the absolute necessity of loyalty to law in human life as the price of true freedom. While excoriating many of the gross evils (especially among youth) in modern times, he shows that respect for law by no means implies the forfeiture of "a good time." The pamphlet is especially fitted to help and inspire American youth.

—D. F. M.

With Heart and Lips. A Book of Simple Prayers. By Aloysius Croft, A.M. Pp. 64. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 10 cents a copy.

A valuable little handbook of prayers. Though intended especially for children, it could be used with great profit by adults—especially converts—as well. Its merit is its simplicity; it offers splendid examples with which to make practical applications during instructions on prayer; or rather, the form in which the prayers are presented instructs one in the purpose and method of praying by the mere reading.—D. F. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Romewards by C. J. Eustace (Benziger)

The Art of Living with God by Bishop Jos. Busch, D.D. (Benziger)

The Month of the Holy Ghost by Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B. (Herder)

Mixed Marriages and Their Remedies by Francis Ter Haar, C.Ss.R. (Pustet)

Outline for the Study of the Missal by Lawrence J. Gonner, S.M. (Maryhurst Normal Press)

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt.

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "It says in the textbook the population of London is very dense."

*

The officer had laid violent hands on the drunk who stood on the corner. Finally the drunk got angry.

"Shay, he said, 'I've a good notion to punch you again.'"

"Again?" asked the cop. "Why, you haven't done it the first time."

"Well," replied the drunk, "I had the same notion before."

*

"The thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with the frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself—to bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh!" returned the patient, "and me a concrete mixer."

*

Heskett: "Some terrible things can be caught from kissing."

Leslie: "You ought to see the one my sister caught!"

*

Builders' Foreman: "Excuse me, but are you the lady wot's singing?"

Lady: "Yes, I was singing. Why?"

Builders' Foreman: "Well, might I ask you not to hang on that top note so long. The men have knocked off twice already, mistakin' it for the dinner whistle."

*

The customer was busy sawing on the steak he had ordered—and a difficult time he was having.

"Is it tough?" queried the waiter solicitously.

The customer was exhausted. He turned to the waiter with defeat in his eyes and said: "When I order beef and get horse, I don't care. But next time, take the harness off before you start serving."

The gentleman had sent for a plumber to fix an upstairs tap, and as he and his wife started downstairs they met the plumber coming up. The gentleman said:

"Before I go downstairs, I would like to acquaint you with the trouble."

The plumber politely removed his hat and murmured:

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am."

*

Dora had just returned from Sunday-school, where she had been for the first time.

"What did my little daughter learn this morning?" asked her father.

"That I am a child of Satan," was the beaming reply.

*

Willie was dejectedly walking home from school, and his woesome appearance attracted the attention of a kind-hearted old lady.

"What is troubling you, my little man?" she asked.

"Dyspepsia and rheumatism," replied Willie.

"Why, that's absurd," remarked the old lady. "How can that be?"

"Teacher kept me in after school because I couldn't spell them," was Willie's dismal answer.

*

Two boys were talking about the accomplishments of their fathers, and Little Bill said, "My father is an Eagle, an Elk, a Moose and a Lion."

Mickey said: "What's it cost to see him?"

*

"What's the matter, Bobbie?"

"Please, auntie, I don't like my cake."

"Well, dear, don't eat it."

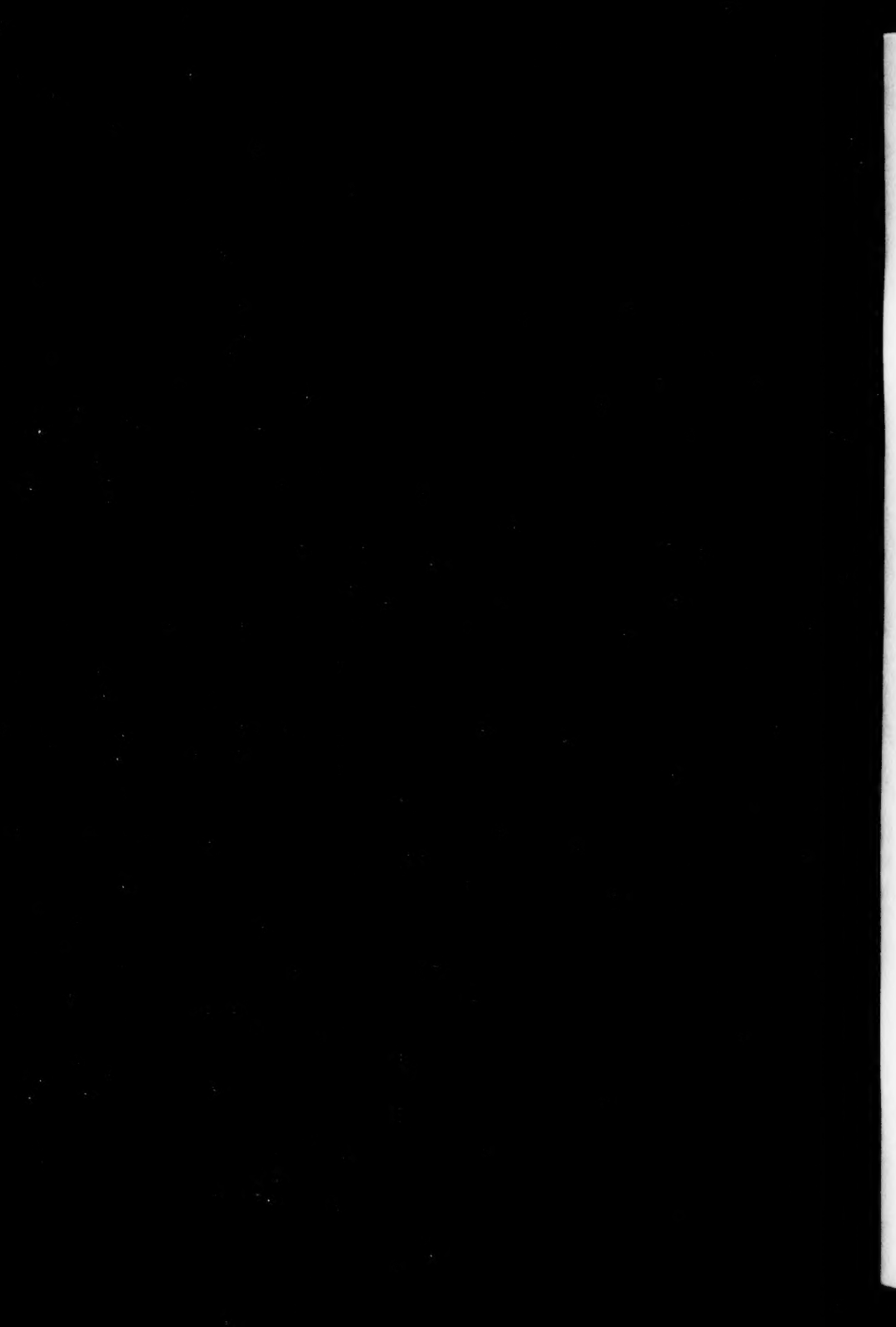
"But, auntie, I have eaten it."

*

A Virginia family was training a colored girl from the country in her duties as maid. On answering the telephone the first day she brought no message.

"Who was that, Sara?"

"Twarnt nobody, Mrs. Bailey, jes' a lady sayin' 'It's a long distance from New York' and I says, 'Yes ma'am, it sho' is!'"



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*Two books of Redemptorist lore
are being offered during
the Jubilee Year of
the Congregation of
the Most Holy
Redeemer.*



The Redemptorist Centenaries

BY JOHN F. BYRNE, C.Ss.R.

This large and handsomely printed volume, published by the Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, presents an outline of the origin and development of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in Europe; and then gives a somewhat detailed account of the activities of the Redemptorists in the American field up to the time of the division of the territory into two provinces—and in the Baltimore province thereafter.

All who are acquainted with Redemptorist parishes or institutions in the East; all who have come into contact with Redemptorists in their various labors; all who have a scholarly interest in early American Church History and development, will be eager to read or possess this book.



The second book of Redemptorist lore is in process of publication. It is written by the Rev. Lawrence Skinner, C.Ss.R., and deals with the parishes, institutions, work and personnel of the Redemptorists west of Detroit. The interesting story of the development of such large and important parishes as that of Holy Redeemer, Detroit; St. Michael's and St. Alphonsus', Chicago; St. Alphonsus' and St. Mary's in New Orleans; and St. Alphonsus' Rock Church parish in St. Louis, will be unfolded to many interested readers.